Volume LVIII CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 1, 1906 Number 9

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## Today

LET us lay hold of the happiness of today. Do we not go through life blindly, thinking that some fair tomorrow will bring us the gift we miss today? Poor mortal, when thinkest thou then to be happy? Tomorrow? What is tomorrow? How is it different from today? Is it not but another today? Know thou my heart, if thou art not happy today, thou shalt never be happy! Today it is given thee to be patient, to be unselfish, to be purposeful, to be strong, eager, and to work mightily!

*Anna Robertson Brown.*

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

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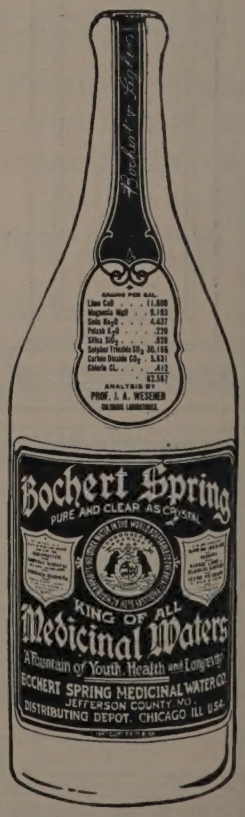
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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1906 NUMBER 9

**NOVEMBER.**

**More welcome than voluptuous gales,**
**This keen, crisp air as conscience clear:**
**November breathes no flattering tales,—**
**The plain truth-teller of the year.**
**Who wins her heart, and he alone,**
**Knows she has sweetness of her own.**

**This is the month of sunrise skies,**
**Intense with molten mist and flame.**
**Out of the purple deeps arise**
**Colors no painter yet could name.**
**Gold lilies and the cardinal flower**
**Were pale against this gorgeous hour.**

*Lucy Larcom.*

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N. O. Nelson in his *Sanitary Progress* gives a pithy epigram: "Private effort can do something; the public can do anything it wants."

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Having in a recent number indulged in our fling at the wild cover pages of our exchanges, we venture to add that if our magazines persist in hanging their pictures over the front porch, we commend the delicate color effects and refined artistry manifested on the title page of the last two numbers of the *Century*, rather than the wild Indian kind and languishing sentimentalism that characterizes too many of the title pages that confront the reader.

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*Maxwell's Talisman* is the title of a monthly advocate of the Homecrofter's movement, a movement looking towards intensive agriculture on small farms, irrigated when needs be by the coöperation of the government. In connection with this movement Mr. Maxwell is championing a postal savings bank scheme by which the working people can win a home of their own through the coöperation of the government. This magazine and publications connected therewith offer much food for thought. Here are exploited politico-economic schemes that are more practical than the impractical sneer which will dismiss them without careful study. This literature can be obtained by addressing *Maxwell's Talisman*, 1405 Fisher building, Chicago.

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The People's Church at Kalamazoo last week celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by a series of notable meetings. The opening address was given by the Editor of UNITY on Thursday evening; on Friday evening there was a banquet, followed by suitable addresses; on Sunday morning Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, a former pastor, under whose administration the present beautiful church was built, preached the memorial sermon; in the evening the Rev. Mr. McCarthy, who has recently been called to the pulpit and whose work has begun so auspiciously, was installed, Rev. Mr. Backus, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, preaching the sermon. Fifty years in Michigan is a longer time than one hundred years in Massachusetts. We hope to be able to give to our readers further tidings of these meetings.

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The Michigan school teachers have triumphantly vindicated the wisdom of an innovation. Heretofore the State Teachers' Association has held its principal annual session during the holiday week, a custom so far as we know, observed by all the state teachers' associations. The objections to this time are obvious. It undertakes to use a time already greatly congested with engagements and distractions, and it absorbs the all too short winter respite from routine work. The only justification for the holiday date was a fallacious one. The utility of such an association to the public schools is too manifest, and the least that school managements can do is to give their teachers the necessary leave of absence to attend such meetings out of the regular school time. One, two or three days' intermission for such a purpose can but redound to the benefit of all concerned. The meeting at Battle Creek reached an attendance of about four thousand teachers. Let other states promptly profit by this experience and go and do likewise.

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In the "Topics of the Times" department of the November *Century* the irrepressible question, "Are people getting better or worse?" is again discussed with the usual assumption that to detect a decline in morals is pessimism, and the collateral assumption,—that an optimist must necessarily believe that all people are getting better all the time. This is an assumption as ungratuitous as it is unphilosophical. The optimist rejoices in the open vision that notes the degeneracy before it is too late, in the critical spirit that recognizes eddies in the stream, dangerous reactions and reckless defiances. The present writer believes that there is a painful lapse in public morals in many quarters; that the mad rush for money and the intoxicating triumphs of combinations are fraught with dangers to the moral nature, both to the individual and the community, and he believes that the onward sweep of the race is to be secured by a timely recognition of these degeneracies. He is the pessimist who does not see the need of reform, doubts the virility of the reformer and scouts at the earnestness of the prophet.

And he is the optimist who is willing to sacrifice, to expose near prosperity, if needs be his nearest friend's, in the interest of a remoter good and a wider benefit.

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Samuel W. McCall in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November discusses the fifty-ninth congress. He dwells upon its "efficiency in the expenditure of money," and calls attention to the fact that its total appropriations amount to $800,000,000, and that—

"The larger part of the entire increase is due to our vastly greater expenditures for military purposes. That our appropriations for these purposes might be somewhat lessened with safety is doubtless true, but the greater part of the increase is the necessary consequence of the policy of empire and glory upon which we entered at the conclusion of the Spanish war. That policy affected the United States no more profoundly in the principles of its government than in its military problem. . . . In other words, our 'world power' statesmen at the stroke of the pen converted our superb ocean rampart into a rampart for a possible foe, which it would be necessary for us to cross for the purposes of defending our own territory. Since then we have rendered ourselves so vulnerable to attack it would scarcely be the part of wisdom to rely entirely upon the pacific intentions of other nations and permit an abject military weakness to appeal too strongly to their warlike ambition."

This suggests a phase of our national life too little apprehended. Herein lies the source of our political as well as ethical confusion. To become one of the "Powers" by virtue of a great navy and a standing army is to lose our preëminence as an ameliorating power in the life of the world. Democracy and imperialism are incompatible, however our politicians may undertake to discuss it. Here as elsewhere two wrongs cannot make a right, and an ethical blunder cannot be corrected by the state any more than by the individual, except by contrition and repentance. Only a brave man will own to a mistake and seek to make amends for the same, and the same is true of a government. Our safety lies in dismantling, not in building our warships.

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Why does not the economic department of Yale, Harvard or some other great university make academic study of the waste, to say nothing of the demoralization, fraud and petty graft, represented by the modern advertising methods? The postoffice department is at its wits' ends to know how to handle the ever increasing amount of second-class mail matter. So serious is the situation that it is inclined to do serious wrong to certain phases, not only of innocent but of valuable journalism, while all this time the postoffice cars literally groan with the tons of purely commercial matter, money-making business, represented by the advertising pages that encumber and overlay the legitimate magazine publications of the land. An eminently respectable and valuable magazine at hand shows over two hundred pages of advertising matter over against one hundred and fourteen pages of legitimate reading matter. *Collier's Weekly* and other journals have been waging a most commendable war against the vicious patent medicine advertisements, but there is almost as much to be said against a great mass of inflation and falsifying on the part of those who, by the fascinations of the advertising page, hypnotize vast areas of the community to buy what they do not need or to pay unnecessary prices for what they do need. For, in the last analysis, it is the consumer that pays for the flood of printers' ink used to exploit even the harmless Quaker Oats and its more or less innocent rivals. The ethics of advertising cannot be properly discussed until there is an expert study of the same on the part of the psychologist and the economist. Meanwhile is there any reason why the United States government should lend itself so unqualifiedly and at such outlay of money to further the advertising business? If it is urged that some of these magazines and papers exist only by virtue of their advertising patronage and any interference with the same would result in the death of a large proportion of current publications, we have only to say that that might be a consummation to be devoutly hoped for. We say this remembering that our own fingers are never free from the stain of printers' ink. For twenty-nine years we have waited for the fatal verdict that would sound our death knell.

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## Devil's Lake, the People's Beauty

The close readers of UNITY will have noticed our interest in the preservation of the beauty spots and the sacred places of our country for the benefit of all its people. We have recently called attention to the scandalous neglect of Wisconsin to its rarest historic relic, the old territorial statehouse in the now dismantled and neglected Belmont, which, though in a reasonably good state of preservation, has been moved from its original site and is now doing ignoble service as a barn. We have also plead for the restoration to the public of the adjoining Platte Mound, which is invested with a peculiar beauty and accessibility, and we are glad to note that our plea has been promptly seconded in many quarters. The students and alumni of the Plattevile Normal School are inaugurating a movement in this direction which they hope will become general among the students and alumni of the state. The state federation of women's clubs recently took up the matter. The Secretary of the State Historical Society has visited the historic buildings with a view of reporting the same to the society and to the public.

An interesting parallel to this work is represented by a beautiful pamphlet lying before us, entitled "An Appeal for the Preservation of the Devil's Lake Region." The pamphlet is itself a thing of beauty, presenting most bewitching glimpses of what is always a charming region, and the letter text, written by experts, sets forth the wealth of interest in the geology, forestry, flora and fauna of that region. This, like many other charming attractions of nature, is being rapidly denuded of its beauty by the destruction of surrounding forests. It is slowly but surely drifting towards the desert condition incident to such destruction.

It is a curious expression of the poetic element in man that gives the Devil so much that is charming.

"Devil's Lake" is the early settlers' pet name for what is the people's bounty of the beautiful. There is no time to be lost in preserving such beauty to the people, the rights to which are menaced, first, by the passion to convert all into money, and then the scarcely less danger of monopolizing the beauty that was meant for everybody by the wealthy few. Another beautiful sheet of water in Wisconsin, Lake Geneva, is already so monopolized by a cordon of millionaires that practically make it inaccessible to the adjoining residents by the exclusive preservations of those who frequent its shores only a small part of the year. Devil's Lake and the Dells on the Wisconsin river have been in danger of being taken possession of by the hotel man who speculates in the attractions of nature.

The remedy is clear. The public, represented by the states or some of the lesser organizations, must secure possession and hold the same forever in the interest of science and the common life. We hope that Wisconsin will justify its progressive claim by inaugurating through the coming legislature a comprehensive plan, a general law, which will permit any town or group of towns, any county or combination of counties, or the state itself, to set apart for picnic and park purposes such sections as are too rare, of too great public utility, too much the property of everybody, to be covered with private title or to be withdrawn for individual gains and ends. Surely Devil's Lake should become a part of the people's bounty, and we rejoice in the public spirit of our friends at Baraboo, the adjoining town, in their vigorous determination to preserve their title to this rare bit of commonwealth.

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## Listless Politics

The absence of enthusiasm and still less of inspiration in the present political situation in the United States is so manifest that even the experts are puzzled to know how to account for it. In Chicago, where campaign noise is easily generated, everything is ominously quiet, only a few days from election time. A prominent member of the President's cabinet is reported to have explained the dullness by the fact that the people are so well satisfied that they have no interest in change, not even the disposition to suggest a change. But this explanation, if made in good faith, seems to us a shallow and consequently an inadequate one. The real truth is that party organizations and party tickets so obviously run across the real lines of thought and reform that the sincere find it impossible to do any coherent thinking or to exercise any reasonable discrimination concerning their contentions; for the awakened intellects and the consciences that are alive know that the old "Bosses," the party wheel horses, are determined not to face any of the live questions that engage the real thinkers and honest citizens of the United States today. The heretofore unfailing source of republican enthusiasm, the great campaign funds that were ever replenished from the tills of insurance companies, Wall street, and the mighty corporations and trusts, legitimate and otherwise, have run dry. The smiling Depew and the subtle Platt and their associates, in office and out of office, are voluntary exiles from the war councils that are gathered around the party campfires. It is a case of leaving their country for their country's good. The republican rank and file are pleased with President Roosevelt; they rejoice in the man who has done something and means to do something more. But the great combinations of capital, the concentrations of industry, have little use for him, and when their purse strings are drawn the marching brigades, the shouting battalions, with the fireworks and spellbinding accessories are necessarily cut out. All these things cost money, and those who have the money do not know where to put it, for the confusion in the republican ranks are worse confounded in the camps of democracy. Bryan's voice ever rings at least with sincerity and his heart throbs warm with humanitarian impulses; for whatever distrust there may be of his theories (and one cannot doubt that he has theories) they are sun-clear to him,—theories for which he was willing to labor and when needs be to suffer defeat. The people of the United States love an idealist, spite of the cynicism of the political manipulator, the sagacious ward healer, and the wise "bosses." On this account Bryan and his host are at loggerheads with the captains of organized democracy, those who made ante-election days lurid. This is why things are necessarily cool in both camps on the eve of election on this off year.

The State of New York will probably prove an exception to the rule, but there the alert voter, the man who is truly awake to the great issues of today, will often find himself sadly perplexed. Hughes, the man without reproach, an ideal candidate, has a grewsome inheritance of political conservatism, demagoguery and corruption funds; he is unquestionably the pride of the new ethical interests on Wall street; while Hearst, whose career has outraged not in one but in many ways the standards of honor, integrity and decency, still stands pledged to methods and movements that are charged with hopefulness. In one narrow field of political reform Hearst's sincerity and clearness of vision many excellent people will note. Lincoln Steffen's article on "Hearst, the Man of Mystery," in the November number of the *American Magazine,* is one of the most subtle, able and admirable pieces of work in current journalism. Anyone reading this discriminating article cannot avoid the conviction that the multitude who will vote for Hearst at the coming election in the State of New York will do so in spite of, not on account of, the vicious elements in his career. Should he be elected it will be a pathetic witness to the paucity of nobility in American public life today. How gladly would the people hail a man that would combine the ability of Hearst with the personal integrity of Bryan and the enthusiasm of Roosevelt; and the things which the American people admire in

these three men are identical. In Chicago and presumably throughout the entire State of Illinois the dullness complained of is clearly traceable to a conspiracy of silence on the part of the leading candidates on both tickets and to the newspapers that still are loyal to the party cause. By virtue of the wretched mis-called primary law, the old incumbents, the "Bosses" on both sides had pretty much their own way, and the candidates are so pleased with their places on the tickets that they are disposed to "let well enough alone.;" they are afraid only of publicity. The independent scratcher is their recognized enemy. Here in Chicago there is a deplorable lapse in political conscience. The men who two and four years ago were steadily opposed by an able combination of the aggressive elements in their own party are now apparently to be accepted without a murmur. The Lorimer, Madden, Jamieson crowd made their peace with their republican antagonists, the Deneen contingency, who two years ago were stirred with a righteous indignation over the corruption of these men, are apparently quite content that they should work away unchallenged with their election triumphs. The same is largely true of the democratic party. There is peace in the camp and the peace is obtained by obscuring if not ignoring the ethical elements involved.

No wonder that it is a dull campaign! No wonder that those high in the confidences of the nation should be hurried from Washington to Chicago in a frantic attempt to inject national issues into a local campaign in order to conceal the ghastliness of the situation, to divert attention from the unholy yoking together of the ox and the ass. The worthy and the unworthy stand side by side in an implied alliance on the Chicago tickets today, and there is an opportunity offered, as there never has been before, for a rebuke to such alliances by the discriminating voter. The ticket is a formidable one in size, but difficult as the task may be, the work of sifting the chaff from the wheat is the immediate and imminent duty. Let there be no Pharisaic piling of responsibility on scapegoats. The political and journalistic methods of Hearst are bad, but he is not the only sinner. Our colleague, Rev. Heber Newton, in an article in the *New York Times* of October 23, with great force asks the question, "Who Made Hearst Possible?" He characterizes Mr. Gilder's recent letter concerning Mr. Hearst as "pathetic reading. His distrust is one shared in by hosts of citizens; all he says seems to me undoubtedly true, and said with dignity and self-restraint." He admits the truth of the arraignment of Hearstism by *Collier's Weekly*, and yet with such just discrimination and ethical insight he separates the vicious from the commendable in Hearstism and traces the vicious elements to their source, reveals our common culpability in the matter, that we gladly permit him at some length to finish our editorial on "Listless Politics."

Is there not a little unconscious unreality in this overrighteous objurgation of Hearst? Is he the only sinner in our Jerusalem? Have our model journals and our respectable citizens been alert to condemn in the bud the evils which they now denounce in the flower? The world is now arrayed virtuously against the proprietor of *The American*—its too smart pupil. *The Herald* holds its skirts daintily away from any contaminating touch from this abhorrent journalist—*The Herald*, which for a generation, has publicly conducted the vilest advertising business in its column of "Personals," a business which no other journal has seriously attacked, which the Society for the Suppression of Vice has never disturbed, which the Society for the Prevention of Crime has apparently never discovered, which all prosecuting attorneys, Mr. Jerome included, have allowed to carry on its "trade in the souls of men" undisturbed, and which it was left for the proprietor of *The American* alone to hale to the courts and thus stop, at least for the time. Is Mr. Hearst the first to organize a personally conducted tour of the White House? Are there not a goodly number of distinguished and reputable public men booming themselves now systematically for the presidency? Have not occupants of cabinet positions, of the White House itself, used their positions to capture the coveted prize of the politician? Is the use of money novel in such campaigns? Was not the nomination and election of the amiable Mr. McKinley notoriously secured by the "business methods" of Mark Hanna? Has not the old-time ideal of the office seeking the man been long outgrown by our progressive people?

How seriously have our family papers, our honorable public men, and our good citizens set themselves to ban such abhorrent degradation in journalism and politics? Why, then, this spasm of injured innocence over a man who simply goes one better on so many of our successful journals and politicians? Let us give even the devil his due. As our Puritan forebears would have phrased it, perhaps, Mr. Hearst has been "raised up" to give us an object lesson in the issues of the tendencies that have been working in our midst. Are we not ourselves responsible for "Hearstism"?

And yet—again.

There could be no danger such as is now threatening us, there would be no shaking in their boots on the part of safe and sane citizens were it only a case of a blatant demagogue stirring up discontent among the ignorant. It is an insult to the American people to suppose them capable of being led by such a demagogue, and he has done nothing for them, did he represent only imaginary grievances, ranting merely in "loose talk about social wrongs," as Mr. Hughes has unfortunately characterized his speeches—thereby making votes for Hearst.

He has made good for the wage-workers, as they at least believe. He has gotten things done for them. He has scored victories over the trusts, in some instances unaided. Granted that his motives were purely selfish—what does that count, they say? What other paper has done so much for labor? What other public man has achieved such practical results? This is the way the wage-workers reason.

Others than wage-workers are reasoning in what seems to the world politic the unreasoning way.

* * * * * * * *

I do not attempt to add a word to the expostulation which Mr. Gilder so strongly makes against such action. I simply want to point the moral of it all, at a time when the daily deepening scare of society may reinforce that moral.

The gravity of the social situation—the reality and seriousness of the "menace of privilege"—cannot be questioned. It is alike moral and philanthropic—if one may put asunder those whom God hath joined together. It is on the one hand the corruption which is eating out the fiber of our business world, as disclosed in the awful revelations of the past year; and, on the other hand, the deep distress, the sickening misery which lies below our fair upper crust of society, the inevitable deposit of a competitive civilization—as that infinitely pathetic book of Mr. Robert Hunter, "Poverty," should alone suffice to show to the happy myriads who having eyes to see see not. What Mark Hanna is reported to have said of Mr. Rockefeller is true of our people as a whole—"money-mad." We are now reaping the fruits of this money-madness in the indignant revolt which is growing so fast and so strong against things as they are.

This is the mounting wave on the crest of which Hearst has thrown himself, skillfully; whose deep ground swell is now bearing him on so portentiously. It was this deep sea striving which a year ago rolled up that stupendous vote, so nearly landing him the mayoralty. And this, although he fought both parties with an extemporized organization, and with every paper in the city save his own against him. It is this which is now surging him on so perilously near the governorship of the Empire State.

Will our safe and sane citizens ponder this state of affairs seriously with a pondering which shall bring forth fruits meet for repentance?

Arguments about Mr. Hearst's character are largely lost

on a public feeling such as is now roused. When a man is angry, and wants to hit out hard, he does not stop to ask whether the club he finds at hand is made of teak wood, inlaid with ivory, or only a gnarled and knotted bit of common hickory. When a man is angry and wants to make himself heard he will be apt to use any trumpet he can lay his hands on, whether made of gold or of the brassiest brass.

Had our safe and sane citizens been awake to the seriousness of the situation they would not have left their misguided fellow-citizens to such a Hobson's choice as they now have. Mr. Hughes is, without doubt, a fine representative of the moral protest against our saturnalia of graft; and because of this he deserves election. But he in no wise represents the philanthropic protest against the social wrongs of our predatory wealth. Insofar as I for one know his career he seems blind to the deep damnation of our triumphant democracy. The Republican Party in our state has no leader who is alive to the economic issue. It has blocked the way of the insurance reform which Mr. Hughes so gallantly led just as far as it dared. Its bosses accept him to save them from a Waterloo.

The party at large is equally unworthy of the crisis. *The Outlook* lately characterized it as "the party of construction." Rather should it have said, "the party of obstruction." All that Congress has done for reform of late has been forced upon it by the strong will of one man. And that man its leaders have done all they could to bind hand and foot, cursing him heartily the while, until they needed reëlection—when they fall back on "Roosevelt the issue" to save them from that hell of the politician, defeat.

The present danger of "Hearstism" is in an era of good times. What will be that danger—with Hearst or with some other kindred demagogue—in the bad times that will surely come again? "If these things be done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?

Will our safe and sane citizens be scared enough now to set themselves to the task of leading the forces of a just discontent away from the dangerous channels of a social revolution into the still waters of an orderly, peaceful and honorable solution?

## Another Victorious Year for Glasgow's Municipal Street Railways

The recently published annual report of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways affords another striking object lesson for our people, showing, as it does, the wisdom and sanity of Municipal Ownership and operation of street railways. This report shows that during the past year the total income from the municipal street car service was £820,938 14s. 7d., or a little over $4,104,693. The working expenses, not counting depreciation, were £456,268 19s. 2d., or a little over $2,281,340, leaving a gross balance of £364,669 15s. 5d., to which should be added the interest on surplus revenue, making in all £369,415 2s. 2d., or a little over $1,847,075. Of this amount a little over half a million dollars was paid into the sinking fund and for interest. Over sixty thousand dollars was paid for taxes; over four hundred and twenty thousand dollars was credited for depreciation. Over three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars was credited to the Permanent Way Renewals Fund; over one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars was paid into the Common Good Fund for city improvements that will benefit the individuals of the community, raising the standard of living and fostering the happiness and development of all the people; and over one hundred and eighty thousand dollars was carried over to the General Reserve Fund. This is only part of the good story found in this report, for it is shown that of the total 208,059,833 passengers carried during the year, a little over 89 per cent traveled for either half a penny or one penny per ride,—that is, they paid one or two cents only for their ride; and a little over 7 per cent of the remainder traveled for one and one-half pence or three cents a ride, so that over 96 per cent of all passengers carried paid from one to three cents per ride; while the number who traveled for four cents brings up the percentage to a little over 98 per cent of all fares paid.—*The Arena.*

## Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD LETTERS.

"Kind messages, that pass from land to land,
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand."

How often we exclaim with "Ik Marvel," "Blessed be letters!" those dear messengers that, coming warm and throbbing from the hearts of friends, find glad response in our hearts, and so help us to be cheerful travelers upon the way of life.

Mother Bickerdyke had this help in fullest measure. I have spent several memorable days in looking over great files of letters written to her by her soldier boys—by their wives and mothers, and the great multitude of people to whom she had endeared herself through her services and her care. What letters they are! How they thrill and glow with love and gratitude! What glimpses they give of home and life there—what heart histories they reveal! I knew the old soldiers loved her dearly, but I could not dream how dearly, nor imagine such wealth of tender reverence, such depths of gratitude as these old letters, written long years after the close of the war, reveal. The soldiers have become farmers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, ministers, authors and teachers. They fill all the peaceful places of life, and are engaged in all its pleasant pursuits. They are wise and dignified and famous. Many of them have climbed high up on the ladder of life and are known "among the elders," renowned and eminent, and yet here they are boys again, gathering gladly about the dear mother's knee; here they one and all sign themselves "your loving soldier boy," and beg her not to forget them. They tell again to her some laughable incident of army life; they seek to recall themselves each one individually to her mind by writing of some special kindness or favor on her part; of things droll and things pathetic that they hope may have staid in her mind as they have in theirs through the changeful years since they were mustered out. One asks her, "Don't you remember coming into the ward one day and finding a forlorn-looking new patient there? You asked me (for I was the one) was there anything in particular I craved? And I said, 'Yes, I want an *onion.*' You got it for me. I shall never forget how good it tasted or cease to be grateful to you for it." The giving of an onion may be less romantic than the giving of roses, but if it was what the sick fancy craved, it was better than roses then. One, a college professor, tells her of how he tried to teach lessons of patriotism by telling his students of the work she did and how eagerly they listened to him. He sends her his photo, asking her to put it among the photos of her many boys and "think of it as being sent by one who loves you next to his own mother. Bless your dear mother-heart," he adds, "how I wish I could look upon your blessed face once more." Many others, like this man, send her photos and beg for pictures of her, or they tell her of how one already hangs in the hall of the "G. A. R. Post" and how they all love it. They tell her of their marriages, their home life, their wives and children, and often the wives write, too, to thank her for their home and happiness, for "John," "Harry," "Will" (or whatever the name of the husband may be), "tells me you saved his life," and "but for you," as one writes, "I should be a lonely old maid today instead of being the happy wife and mother I now am." One of the

"old boys" writes: "My little boys ask me why I have two mothers and want to know if 'Mother Bickerdyke' is their grandma? If she is, why doesn't she come to see us?" He also says: "There are quite a number of your boys here, and when I told them I was going to write to you they all said 'Give mother our love and best wishes, and God bless her.'" Another writes: "I always thought you did more good than any other woman in the army, and you have a host of warm friends among the soldier boys." This man is "a direct descendant of John Rogers, the martyr burned at the stake," and of Mrs. Hannah Dusten, "who killed so many Indians in the troublous times in Massachusetts' early history," and truly the martial spirit must have staid in the family, for he tells her "when the war broke out there were six brothers; five of us enlisted in the United States army and the other enlisted in the Kansas state service and helped to repel Quantrell." What a rich offering this father and mother laid upon the altar of their country —six noble sons! It would be interesting to know how many of them lived to return to them, but of this he does not tell us. One says, "I often think, dear mother, that there must be a glorious crown awaiting you in the next world; certainly if the prayers of the soldiers you have nursed, and the widows and orphans you have helped, can avail, I am sure there is."

They call her the "soldier's best friend," "the best general in the field," "the grandest woman in America," and even "a Godmother." They say "she has a heart as big as an army mule team," a "will that would not let one boy die that it was possible to save," and make such love to her as is seldom made to a woman; give her such praise as is seldom given to mortal being. She is "our mother," "our noble, precious mother," to them all, and a great rain of blessings follow her, while a great longing to see her, "to look upon that beautiful, gracious face once more" fills many a brave heart. They speak of the meeting in "the beyond," of the "campfires" there, and what it will be to have her with them, going in and out among them with words of greeting and of love, even as she did in the old days, and these dear hopes help them to bear the separation from her here.

A W. R. C. woman writes to tell her how "at one G. A. R. meeting a comrade came to me and wanted to know when I had seen you. He said 'tell me all you can about dear old Mother Bickerdyke; how she looks, how she seems, and if she appears very old. She saved my life; she will not remember me by name, but ask her if she remembers the poor little pale-faced boy-soldier she used to carry in her arms in the hospital at Memphis and called her "baby." I would go any distance to see her again—blessed old Mother Bickerdyke.'"

One old soldier, who was a prisoner and suffered so fearfully during the war that twenty years after its close he was still "unable to do any hard work," as he tells her, says: "I have attended several reunions and campfires lately. When the boys know I have seen you I am doubly welcome. Many times their lips tremble and the tears start when your name is mentioned. Dear old mother! the boys never forget the tender care and loving words of twenty years ago that come sweeping over our hearts in memory as we gather around the campfires of today."

Another writes to tell her how one of the old generals at a convention "tried to tell the boys about you and what you did for his men, but he broke down utterly at the memory of it all, as did many of those there, and there were more tears shed than words spoken, for we love you now, Mother Bickerdye, just as we loved you in the old days, and the tears that bedewed our cheeks were no reproach to our manhood."

Here among the letters I find several from Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. His, like the others, are full of love and gratitude, and he, too, signs himself "Your loving soldier boy."

A Wisconsin comrade tells of attending a campfire or reunion at which Mr. Jones told them of her care and "blessed abusiveness" of him and how it helped to save his life. And how the great audience cheered. One, who signs himself, "Your Wild Irish Boy," tells how he dreamed that he and another comrade "bought her a beautiful house surrounded by a great lawn that was filled with great trees and beautiful flowers, and "when we gave you the deed you were so happy." The dream goes on until they sat down to supper, the three together. "One of your old-time meals," he says, "with no frills or highfalutin' language," but just a "jolly good time all around, and I awoke calling for you—and you did not come." And so they wrote her—from all over the country—all so solicitous for her welfare, so anxious to know that she is well and happy and has no lack of comforts. Not one among them but would gladly share his home with her if need be and give from his poverty or his wealth, as the case might be, for her maintenance. Oh, it is beautiful and good, this outpouring of love, this inexpressible gratitude for the "soldier's mother!" How precious, how inspiring these letters must have been to her, and what answers she must have written to them; for, bearing eloquent witness to her love and the goodness of her heart, as well as to her careful ways, "Answered" is written across each one of these many, many letters. Beautiful, heart-satisfying letters—the ripe fruit of the seeds she sowed so many years ago. She "cast her bread upon the waters" and it returned to her in manifold measure of increase and blessing. She sent her great soul in love out over the mighty deep of human life and these are the olive branches returned for her cheer and comfort. She, "passing through the valley of Baca, made of it a well," whose waters refreshed not alone her own heart, but the hearts of all around her. No greater truth was ever uttered than that, "As ye sow so shall ye also reap." She sowed good deeds and they bore their legitimate fruit of love. How it should teach us to live ever by the simple but grand rule of doing as we would be done by. We speak of life as being complex and mysterious, and so it is in many of its phases, but at the heart of it all is simplicity—the simplicity of truth. The little child, looking into your face in confidence and expecting nothing but good, is your true philosopher. To it life means only being good and being loved. This child-like philosophy lay always in Mother Bickerdyke's heart and was expressed in her daily life. Her love was expressed naturally and easily in actions rather than in words. I never heard her say, "I love you," to anyone, but I saw it said often in what she did. She won a large place in the hearts and lives of others, but she did it unconsciously and while in the performance of her daily duty—for love's sake.

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The lowly heart finds the higher life.
Difficulties are but doors of delight.
It is better to right wrongs than to revenge them.
The lazy man always is proud of his patience.
No great work ever was done before a mirror.
Only a mercerized religion needs to wear a label.

## THE PULPIT.

### Conscience Calls

V.

THE CALL OF THE STATE.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, OCTOBER 27, 1906.

We come this morning to the last of the Conscience Calls that disturbed me in my rest time and allured me in our work time, "The Call of the State!" Surely, there is in these days a Call of the State, a loud and clamorous call. The fermentations of politics, the complications of trade, the intoxicating growth of wealth, the accumulating millions, gathered by individual, corporate, municipal, state, and national energies, offset by the equally rapid accumulation of the figures of crime, defalcations, forgeries, divorces and scandals of every kind. There is today an ominous lapse of ethical enthusiasm and moral earnestness in many quarters. All these enter into the call of the state to conscience.

In the presence of these enormous perplexities both the church and the state seem well nigh helpless. Indeed, they themselves are paralyzed from the within; they can scarcely keep themselves alive; they are confronted by the near perplexities of self-perpetuation, the perplexities which belong to the lowest forms of life. There seems to be no courage, time, money, and apparently no brains or conscience left to grapple with the perplexities that confuse if they do not paralyze the legislative, judicial and executive arms of the state.

In this attempt to interpret the Conscience Call of the State today I want to acknowledge my indebtedness to Professor Shaler's careful, searching, and, to me, profoundly suggestive work on "The Neighbor," as in my sermon of a week ago I was indebted to the work entitled "The Individual," by the same author. And if my sermon will have no other result than the inducing of any number of you to carefully read Shaler's work on "The Neighbor" clear through so as to get the full force of his argument and the cumulative power of his illustrations, I shall indeed consider the hour well spent.

First, then, before we can begin to understand the Call we must inquire into the nature of the State that calls, and this by the help of science and in the light of evolution becomes not only an interesting but an illuminating task.

The foundations of the state strike deep down into the sub-human stratas of life. It is the growth of the tribal instinct in the slow and painful ascent of life. Man himself is but the last term of an unnumbered series, and the fear, the greed, the rage, yea, the valor that enter into the perplexities of the state, man has inherited from his far-off and humble ancestors. Shaler shows how hatred and fear are the most fundamental and abiding passions in society, not because they are the more manly, but because they are the more beastly; they represent that immense heritance which awaited the appearance of man. "Love of offspring, the greed of acquisition, the fear of enemies" and the similar impulses, anxieties and passions which form the stock in trade of the ante-election spellbinder and he offers in extenuation, aye, in justification of the glaring irregularities in society. The mighty fortunes, the social exactions and various protective agencies, in the way of fraternities, clubs, lodges, associations innumerable, are all rooted away down there in that common life from which bee and man and monkey have sprung. And this pre-human inheritance of tribal prejudices, of racial isolation, so necessary to primitive man, so essential a part of the tribe, have become the menace and the disgrace of the nation.

Mr. Shaler shows with a logic that would be humorous were it not so ominous, that these tribal prejudices, this pride of blood, this conceit of caste, this militant hatred that assumes that the permanency of the state depends upon its power to kill, is a moral appendix which, like the vermiform appendix in the body, "is now but a disease-breeding remnant of what once served a purpose but now profits death alone."

The civilized state differentiates itself from the political economy of the pack and the herd by the growth of sympathy, the enlargement of the sense of kinship, the recognition of the common life and the mutual value to one another of those who are widely removed, not only in space but in languages, in family traditions, in outward conditions and in physical peculiarities.

So, the well being of the state is dependent on the growth of sympathy, the elimination of the primitive hatreds, the correction of the conceits and the prides based upon ignorance. In one way or another the early development of the tribe into the state assumes supernatural precedence over all their neighbors. *Their* fore-elders were gods; *they* were the recipients of divine illumination; they were the chosen children of the Great Spirit, the favorites of heaven. Hence the mighty caste systems of the far East, audacious in their claim, sublime in their power, malign in their subsequent influence. The time was when these conceits served the upward march of life, but now they are wicked hindrances, horrible tyrannies. What in the humble life of the insect, the amphibian, even in the quadruped, was a beautiful quality, a benign help, when augmented by the added powers of man, uncorrected by any commensurate growth in intelligence, has developed into a mighty wrong, has made of man the bloodiest of animals. . . .

Shaler shows that man is a more fierce animal than the gorilla. The latter does deeds of violence only in moments of great rage and terrible danger, and he vents it only upon the enemies or at least the rivals of his kind. While man in cold blood and with the awful machinery perfected by superior intelligence, has delighted in the slaying of his neighbors. In the lower, brute creation, the desire to kill is limited by the need of food or of safety, while the "desire to slay for the sake of slaying is a peculiarity of man." Mr. Shaler further says, "The impulse to torment the enemy is the most original and unique of all the characteristics of the genus homo. We wrong the beasts when we speak of the slaughter during outbreaks of human violence as 'brutal'; it is supremely human." In other words, the tribal instinct inherited from the brute, persisted in beyond the brute's needs, exercised beyond the brute's power, has given to the civilized man, the modern state, qualities of brutality, of selfishness, of cruelty and greed far more brutal than the brutes. It is only when this brutish inheritance is curbed, corrected, and ultimately dethroned, cast out by the injection into life of sympathy, of the recognition of common interests, based upon a common origin, emphasized by common powers and abilities, and illuminated by common hopes and a common destiny, that the human state comes into existence. On this basis alone can it thrive; for this end alone is its existence justifiable or its future made secure.

How, then, is the state to be saved? Only by the

elimination of the pre-human, un-moral instincts of fear and hatred and prejudice and narrowness; only by the abortion, if needs be; the surgical amputation of the moral appendix in the body politic.

How is this to be done? Some things are made painfully plain by history, one of which is that the emotions alone are not sufficiently strong to correct this brutal inheritance in man. The heart is itself easily enlisted on the wrong side in this struggle. In times past the tender-hearted slaveholder trafficked in the bodies and souls of his fellow beings, oftentimes of his own near kin, that his little ones and dear ones might be protected from the cruel severities of the heartless world. Today in the industrial world children of a tender age and women in delicate condition are over-taxed and under-paid under surroundings that are inimical to health of body or of mind, by the strong, the efficient, the wealthy, that the competency of their own may be made doubly sure; that *their* wives and daughters may be clothed in silks and gems; that *their* sons and grandsons may rejoice in the expanding life of the university and know the elevating influence of travel and the sustained power of art and religion; aye, religion, for, unaided and alone.

Religion is also unable to cope with this tremendous pre-human inheritance in the man. Church spires cast their shadows over those who are pauperized by social wrongs and economic injustices, and the very pulpits perpetuate the old fallacies and conceits of primitive man which tend to stay the crumbling walls of bigotry, to keep full the moats with the water of superstition, that separate and divide those who are the common children of nature, joint heirs of a vast antiquity and of a boundless future.

The only "Way Out of It," as Professor Shaler entitles his closing chapter, is by the marriage of knowledge and sympathy. Science must inform religion; inheritance must be tested by experience. If the state lives and grows, it must be by introducing a critical element into our sympathies. When science lets in the light which religion may consecrate, when we understand the source of our hatreds, when race antipathy and class pride are traced to their source, away down among the reptiles and the beasts of prey, then a sense of fellow feeling with those whom we despise will creep into our lives, and a comradeship with those who differ from us will grow; aye, the widest differences of race and position become infinitesimal. As the mountain ranges on the surface of our globe represent irregularities comparable only to the threads on the ball of yarn, so the largest variation of color and of nationality are insignificant, fluid, transient and forever changing.

The first amelioration of prejudice that science brings us is by putting man into the long perspective of time. In our ignorance and narrowness we think of the permanency of race distinction, we talk of insurmountable variations of color of skin, texture of hair or outline of face, and appeal to experience and history, the short human history, to justify our convictions.

At most, human history cannot go back more than eighty centuries, and eight thousand years is but a tick of the clock in the calendar of nature. Says Shaler, whose special science was geology which, next to astronomy itself, is most concerned with time:

> "How changed indeed is the whole world with the old scales fallen from our eyes. There are no more common people, 'dogs of Jews,' of 'Indians good when they are dead,' or 'niggers,' but each stands before us in the dignity of his manhood as a presentation of the hundred million years of life of this world summed in that marvelous personality of man. Whoever sees this in his fellow has seen into the promised land; he has in a true sense gained religion."

A man, every man, the despised Negro and the suspected Jew, represents in his own personality a descent as wide and deep as it is long. There are in existence today, according to our scientist, some hundred thousand species of animals, mostly insects, all of which are related to man, all knit into the one great holy fabric of life; each in some subtle, mystic, but absolute, real way, has modified and is modifying the life of man, who is the flowering of the life of the globe.

In the light of this vast complexity, how small and cheap are our society claims, our conventional anthropologies; even our claims to our own children fade into an awesome sense of an inconceivable ancestry, all of which lay claim upon us and our children. Our part in the life of our own children is infinitesimal. Our author confidently ventures the opinion that what we contribute to the individuality of our child at birth represents not more than one millionth part of what it possesses; the rest of it is to be credited, to use his own words, "to the sum of a series of ancestries extending back to the dawn of life." Individual parentage is scarcely more than the throwing open the doors of destiny that the flood of life may roll on, accumulating as it goes, in its power for good if we wisely unbar the gate; in its power for evil if we foolishly tamper with the mystic locks and bars of fate.

In the light of this vast inheritance, of this complexity of being, of this long ancestry, the common, the uninteresting, the familiar man disappears, and every human being stands forth clothed in majesty and sanctity. Now indeed mere nearness does not count and remoteness does not repel. Says Shaler:

> "It is only through knowledge led by the affections that the animal categoric way of treating our fellows can be destroyed and the mind made ready to uphold mankind from the larger human point of view. . . . It is one of the hardest of all moral undertakings to keep from being controlled by this inheritance of narrowness, so that we may deal with a fellow being, not as a mere man with no more than his trifling value in the classification, but as our brother in life, seeing in him ourselves."

Knowledge thus comes to the support and enlargement of our sympathies and we see in every man, to quote again, "a capacity for endless education, for ceaseless change," and self, every self, the meanest self, stands out as the most marvelous product of the ages. The old divine descent of man, found in Greek and Hebrew legend, is a bed-time fairy tale, lacking in dignity and power compared with this sublime drama of life which traces the descent of man from all the suns and his ascent from the atom and the cell. Every moment in the countless aeons of time, every atom of matter and every throb of spirit have been law-directed, love-environed. All the way soul has been creeping towards its coronation, and Man is the divine result.

This is the way out of our prejudices, out of the silly conceits of race and the unwarranted distrust of man. When we realize that every man is a part of the whole life of the planet; that he like ourselves has derived his spiritual qualities, his prejudices, his animosities, quite as much as the organs of his body, from this remote ancestry, then a sense of comradeship, of kinship, invests us everywhere we turn and whomever we may see.

Shaler gives four points by the help of which we are to win out of our prejudices and establish the true State, the commonwealth of souls, viz.:

First—An increased respect for self.

Second—A deliberate attempt to separate the evil from the good in our inheritance, to eliminate the tiger and let in the man.

Third—To realize that the individual cannot find life in himself; growing life increases friendly relation.

Lastly—To illumine religion with the sympathy directed by knowledge; to find the larger contacts, which will teach us that the differences between man and man are but "atomatic weights compared with the planetary mass of their likenesses."

The State, then, that cries to us for support, the only State that deserves our confidence, is a compact of souls in the interests of brotherhood; a recognition of the needs of the larger self. The State differs from the tribe and escapes from tribal limitations in proportion as it gives glad and fair recognition to diverse races and varying interests. The nobility of the state is measured by its hospitality; the strength of it by its justice to the weaker ones, if indeed we may know who the "weaker ones" are. In this test they are the weaker ones who have the weaker hold upon the nature that reveals itself in the dual form of matter and spirit. They are strong who have acquired the greatest power of endurance, the largest conduct and the most sympathetic contact with world of life. In Bible phrase, "He that overcometh wins the crown,"—overcometh his animal heredity, overcometh the prejudice of the savage, the conceits of superstition, the arrogance of his blood.

Let us follow Shaler in his discussion of two "particular instances" in the problems of our State, the two great social perplexities, the problem of the Jew and of the Negro, to which this scientist gives careful attention.

Socially and scientifically speaking, in the near view there is a Hebrew problem. The race that has been hunted for fifteen hundred years and more, although that race was for six centuries the welcome guests and coveted elements in the Greek and Latin states, according to Shaler, they whom Cicero called "powerful in their assemblies," "they who have held more firmly than any other race the sun has ever shone upon, to their faith," "clearly the ablest folk the world has ever known," is Shaler's phrase, must have peculiarities that are striking. The very suspicion and prejudice that have kept them apart, whether this suspicion and prejudice came from the outside or the inside, and as a matter of fact it comes from both sides, could not help reacting upon the minority, giving to him a painful consciousness of himself and developing him along lines that aggravated his isolation.

But when the Jew is studied in the light of science and of history, when we submit him to the fourfold analysis and study just referred to, his peculiarities become insignificant and he stands out, not only in the economy of the State, but in the estimate of the wise and noble, as a man among men, subject to the test of manliness, doomed to the penalties which belong to imperfect, distorted individuality, and entitled to the confidences and the sympathies that belong to growing manliness, to enlarging power and widening sympathy. In short he stands an individual unit free to rise or fall according to his own merits.

Among the many commendable defiances to convention and custom that mark the administration of President Roosevelt, I predict that the one most notable, the one that will reflect greatest credit upon him in the pages of history, and perhaps the one that will redound most to the glory of the state over which he presides, if he carries out the promise of the newspaper, will be the elevation to a position of trust and confidence in the cabinet of the nation a Jew, not because he is a Jew, but because he is a man, learned, fearless, public-spirited, and committed to freedom and progress.

Professor Shaler's analysis of the Jewish character is, to say the least, interesting and unique, whether it be right or not. He is inclined to think that the present Christian dislike of and recoil from Jewish character is largely traceable to the fact that the Jew is too smart for us; he responds too quickly to our advances, hence his apparent forwardness and to the slower Aryan race unwelcome character.

I am inclined to think that this man of science is hardly true to his scientific canons in this analysis; he underestimates as it seems to me the power of inherited prejudices. The "recoiling instincts" that we talk of are oftentimes more to the discredit of our ancestors than they are to discredit of the subject in question. Shaler underestimates the inevitable reaction of such a suspicion upon the subjects.

My boyhood passed through a strata of social conviction and estimate that disposed of the Irishman very much as the Society and Club people dispose of the Jew today,—with left-handed compliments, and the assumption of "social incompatibility," of "inherent disagreeable traits" and the desirability all round to accept the situation and lead a life apart. Subsequent experience and the larger life have proven the absurdity of such an attempt to make fixed the flowing prejudices of society concerning the Irish-American. But while it obtained it doubtless did have a tendency to fix the passing characteristics of Celtic immigrants.

If public observation, curiosity, to say nothing of distrust or contempt, was steadily fixed upon all red-headed or bald people it would soon create subjectively and objectively a body of peculiarities, a system of characteristics, that would be real, but as foolish as they would be cruel.

Professor Shaler's analysis of the Negro is far more interesting and exhausting, because he himself was southern born and bred, the child of a slaveholder, and he frankly confesses his bias on that account. His chapter on the "Problem of the African," and the conclusions in subsequent chapters based thereon, are very timely and let no man base an argument or justify an opinion on any dismembered section of this book. If Professor Shaler is to be heard on the color question, now so distressing, let him have a full hearing. Even in this most distinct of races he discovers a much more profound sub-stratum of harmonies with the white man than he does of surface differences, interesting and significant as these may be.

By the light of science, he finds a complexity in the Negro which our agitators on both sides utterly ignore. The tribal distinctions among negroes themselves is as great or greater than that which exists among Europeans. He reminds us of the time when the slave markets of the Mediterranean were glutted with salable wares that were not African; that in Africa there are found some sturdy tribes who in mere vigor of mind and body are fit to be compared with the European people, and that many of them long ago, before ever disturbed by the white man, had made important and permanent advances towards culture in the fact that they had become inured to work and committed to the tilling of the soil. On this side of the Atlantic he finds them endowed with great imitative qualities. They have a remarkable gift of language, are a people of quick sympathies and capable of great faithfulness. Out of his own experience he makes this startling confession, that while his acquaintance ranged through twenty times as many people of white as of black color, still out of the twenty men whom he had known as eminent in faithfulness, three of them were black. And in corroborative tes-

timony to this startling proportion, he tells us that on one of his return trips to his native town in Kentucky, two friends were there to greet him,—one the governor of the commonwealth, the other Jeff Allen, a hotel porter, and he says: "I took the Negro's hand first, saying to His Excellence that 'I always shake hands with Jeff first'; 'So do I,' said the Governor."

Nor does this testimony to the human quality of the Negro race end with this witness to his faithfulness, his capacity for love, his love of melody, but with his moral qualities he challenges comparison with the whites of the same grade and of like situation. "Spite of the tuition of slavery in the direction of small thievery," he tells us that they are in general learning to respect law, less inclined than the low grade whites to drunkenness. They have shown singularly little tendency, under the circumstances, to robbery and murder.

Even to the one grave crime which by common consent is made exceptionally theirs. This son of a slaveholder, this man of science, tells us that "It is not yet evident that the Negro is more apt to be guilty of such outrages than the Aryan of the same low social position," and "that the brutality practiced by the lynchers is a crime hardly less shameful than that they are designed to punish."

The way out of the problem, here as elsewhere, is by that increase of sympathy, the emphasis on justice. And this will come only when science will make common cause with sympathy and the judgment will direct feeling. He argues for a restriction of suffrage, basing it on intelligence and perhaps property basis, but with equal clearness he insists that such a limitation should in all justice cut across all barriers of race. Of the miserable subterfuge of the "grandfather clause" he can only say, "I am ashamed that it should have been invented by Americans."

This, then, is the fundamental conscience call of the State,—to help base it, not upon the brutal inheritance of a far back past, but upon the more recent developments of justice and sympathy in the human soul. The State differs from the tribe in its comprehensiveness. The civilized man is distinguished always by an element of cosmopolitanism. When we realize this and have established the true basis of the state on the essential identity of all men and the rights that belong thereto, then these minor indignities, the petty arrogance of political parties and sectarian prejudices and the corruptions that belong thereto will go. For the true State will seek to crush out the narrow presumptions of the capitalists, the selfishness of the millionaire and the atrocities of the multi-millionaire as promptly and inevitably as it will seek to wipe away the places of debauchery and iniquity.

The common nature of man, the community interests of the race, carry with it inevitably the common rights to the bounties of nature, the common claim to that wealth which man did not make and cannot reproduce. The minerals under the surface, the soil on the surface and the water and air connected therewith must somehow be made to contribute to the well being and comfort of all the worthy children of men. No legislature or court can give an adequate title to one man or body of men on sunshine and starlight or the products thereof. This rolling ball upon which we live as well as the life upon it, which we represent, are born out of that elemental bounty, created by the cosmic forces, and by it are projected to that destiny to advance which is the prime mission of the State.

Thus it is that science at last comes tardily to the re-enforcement of the gospel. Over and over again the logic of evolution is spelled out by this man of science, as re-enforcing the Jonah and Jesus doctrine of universal brotherhood. It brands as transient helps but permanent hindrances to progress, all the segregating tendencies in society. The creed-excluding churches, the wealth-including clubs, the so-called attempts to hedge around refinement and sociability by lodges, fraternities, sororities or any other sympathy-limiting device, while perhaps rendering a temporary service, soon becomes a menace to that State that seeks to advance the individual man by enlarging the life through co-operation and opportunity.

In these days there is a lot of spell-binding oratory heard in the interest of the so-called liberty of the individual, which carries with it a warning against the socialistic menace of the times. But the sober truth, as set forth by science, as emphasized by religion, and as verified by experience, is that every increase of the social bond magnifies the individual, and the larger the co-operation with its followers the freer the mind and the sweeter the heart of the individual.

Shaler traces the human voice back to our amphibian ancestry, and says that the cry of a frog in distress reminds one strongly of the cry of the human babe under similar circumstances. He also tells the surprising story of the beavers in Virginia which, in the presence of the habitual hunter, the chosen amusement of the elegant gentlemen of the old regime, withdrew from the dam-building activities, concealed themselves along the bank of the stream, acquiring their security by a studied loneliness. But during the war, when the Virginia gentlemen had other uses for their guns, the beavers along the rivers resumed their corporate life and applied themselves again to communal improvements and entered once more upon their engineering ventures they rehabilitated their dams.

What a far cry is this for sympathy on the part of the State! The cry of the child in the mill, the wail of the over-worked woman at the looms, reaching back at least to the frog pond.

The old "Fire-Eaters" used to talk about the "Mud Sills" of society. Surely a happy phrase! But the "Mud Sills" of the United States rest at least at the bottom of the beavers' dam. Those wise rodents teach us a humaner political economy, a saner law of trade, than our legislatures and congresses are prone to consider.

The Call of the State, then, rhymes with the Call of the City, the Church, the Home and the Individual, and it is ever the same call,—a call for the subordination of the outward to the inward, establish the supremacy of mind over matter, of duty to luxury, of show and style and fashion to the simplicities of thought, the honesties of service, the economies of service. There is nothing so thrifty as virtue, so economical as justice.

And so this sermon, as the preceding ones, lands us on the prophetic heights where it becomes obvious that "He who seeketh his life shall lose it, and he who loseth his life shall find it."

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If your religion is not in everything, it is in nothing.

You never can lift the submerged so long as you fear to soil your sleeves.

There is a world of difference between the rule of gold and the golden rule.

There is a lot of difference between working for folks and working them.

## THE STUDY TABLE

From G. P. Putnam's Sons we have a chatty volume, on "Bishops and Archbishops," by Bishop Potter, of New York State. Most of these leaders of the church are men well worth the knowing. They are not to be judged altogether by their gowns—which are old, medieval clouts, and rather unimportant, but by the fact that most of them possess a deal of common sense. It is the nearness with which a bishop gets to humanity that makes the worth of him, not the extra togs that he can wear.

From the same house comes the next volume in "The Heroes of the Reformation Series," written by Williston Walker, professor in Yale University. He says truly that there has been quite an awakening of interest in the person and work of Calvin, the subject of this volume. We begin to want to know why we have broken the cords with which this man bound the Christian conscience; and how he managed to do it. The certain greatness of Calvin we are more willing to dwell upon in these days, and we are willing to let go the monstrosities not to say diabolisms that characterized his career. This volume, bear in mind, finds its place in a *Liberal* series.

I am also in receipt of that much advertised book, "The Saint," from the same house. Put on the condemned list by the Catholic hierarchy, people will want to know what the book is, and what terrible wickedness it preaches. Well, it handles the pope and papacy without gloves; however it is extremely dull reading for me.

From the Macmillan Co. I have "How to Choose a Farm," by Thomas F. Hunt, of Cornell University. It is amazing how so much of valuable information could be packed away in a single volume. I expected to find the book very superficial; on the contrary, it is decidedly thorough.

"The Culture of the Soul" is a little volume published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, written by P. Ramanathan, Solicitor General of Ceylon. It will do a Christian good to read what this man has to say concerning our religion—especially our faith or love of God. It is a keen criticism; but the book is imbued thoroughly with orientalism—as it should be.

From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., of Boston, I get "Hearts and the Cross." It is a healthy, strong and helpful book by Harold Kramer. It is one of the best of recent novels. You can well afford to buy it.

"A New Appraisal of Christian Science," by Joseph Dunn Burrell, comes from the Funk & Wagnalls Co. It is a sharp arraignment of this latter day mixture of science with credulity. But Christian Science is rapidly undergoing growth and development; it is already well out of its clouts, and pretty nearly out of its adolescent gowns. It is going the way of all churches, into conservatism, creeds, and costly buildings. It will soon be known mainly by its temples; but the truth will go marching on forever, taking with it a generous fragment of this delightful episode of the Nineteenth Century.

E. P. Powell.

## THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

*Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?*

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

### What is the Congress of Religion?

The Congress of Religion is a movement of large vision and prophetic import, anticipating great things that are to be realized in the Kingdom of God. It is the royal child of the Parliament of Religions and is justly proud of its heritage. In spite of any opposition or criticism that may have been offered, the World's Parliament of Religions, of which the late Dr. John Henry Barrows was the honored president and enthusiastic leader—was a white event in the life of the race, the first great œcumenical conference in the history of the world. The Congress of Religion is loyal to this spirit of world brotherhood, but has a character and destiny of its own. It moves on very simple lines and with a very simple purpose in view. Its object is not a parliament of religions nor a federation of religious societies, nor is it primarily a discussion of religion at all, but is rather a co-operation of all religious forces for and unto the simple purpose of establishing the laws of righteousness and the reign of God in the affairs of earth. Its purpose, as expressed by the writer at our last Annual Meeting, is "to emphasize the Spiritual Life as the abiding reality of earth, religion as the supreme dynamic in human history, and to voice the cry of human need as the challenge and the bugle call to the genuine co-operation of all 'seekers after God' in such unselfish ministry as will hasten the coming of the kingdom of righteousness, joy and peace on the earth."

The Congress has a heritage and a vision, it is a hope and a prophecy, but it is also and for the most part a simple and practical religious crusade in behalf of righteousness; it would be difficult, even if desirable, to seek a co-operation of all churches or religious societies for the narrow purpose of religion. Theological and ecclesiastical problems are still far from a solution and there are differences which cannot be ignored. On the other hand all are agreed on the main principle of righteousness, confessing that "pure religion and undefiled" (Jas. 1:27) is practical righteousness, and believing the words of Jesus, that even in the last day those will be chosen who "have done it unto one of the least of these," our brethren (Matt. 25:40). This much is beyond controversy; in fact, there are none to dispute that the world is full of unrighteousness and the obligation on all seekers after God is the establishment of righteousness, the upbuilding of the kingdom of righteousness on the earth. On this simple platform, therefore, the Congress of Religion takes its stand and desires to issue a challenge to all sons of God to rally around this standard, to confer and plan and walk together in a "Congress of Religion" unto the practical doing of the good that ought to be done, the charity, philanthropy and righteousness which are the concomitants and the heralds of the kingdom of the living God. There are no rules and no limitations, but there is an open door for all God seekers, a spirit of brotherhood and fellowship, a principle of co-operation, a goal of godliness in the earth.

Ways and methods are yet to be chosen and will certainly vary according to time and place, but the spirit and the purpose is sufficiently established and sufficiently beyond doubt or criticism to encourage the hope that all who believe and pray will at least offer sympathy and good wishes to this undertaking, which is sincerely made in the name of our Father God.

# THE WATCH TOWER

*Watchman, tell us of the night;*
*What its signs of promise are!*

## The Week

*New "Think" Factory Established.*

At the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium in Chicago last week the World New Thought Federation held its annual convention, and among other things organized a "bureau" or "rendezvous" for all stray "thoughts and fancies that flit through people's minds." After some discussion at the closing session on Friday the name of the new factory for the condensing and classifying of ethereal wanderers was decided on, and is in brief "The world's center of all unanalyzed thought pertaining to science, art, philosophy and ethnology." Just why the scope of the "center" should be limited to this modest range does not appear. Some of the unclassified and unrelated fancies most in need of a "rendezvous" would seem to be excluded by the very limits of the title, as for example, the new thought ideas "discovered" in the mountains of Thibet by a lady religionist, and the similarly ambitious "thinks" of the spiritualist and the anarchist. We suggest a larger title for this intellectual clearing house, so that some thoughts now slightly worn may be revamped and sent forth anew.

*Illinois Temple Dedicated at Vicksburg.*

On Friday the tribute of Illinois to its soldiers who fought in the siege of Vicksburg was dedicated at the National Military Park. The memorial temple is a beautiful structure, consisting of a marble dome 54 feet in diameter and 62 feet high, costing $200,000. On the interior are inscribed in bronze the names of the 36,000 Illinois soldiers who were engaged in the operations about Vicksburg forty-three years ago. The address by Governor Deneen and the oration by Wm. C. Calhoun, of Chicago, were both on a high plane, but when Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, declared that all Caucasians are born equal and that the Anglo-Saxons are most fit to rule he classified the colored man as few northerners are now willing to do. It is difficult to see how the white savage or ignoramus is any more "born equal" than the black one, for certainly there are this kind of people in all races and colors.

*Alaska-Siberian Railroad Projected.*

A new company was incorporated in Jersey City October 24 which proposes to build 6,000 miles of railway connecting a station known as Kank on the Trans-Siberian railway in Russia and a place called Kinnegan on the Alaska river, by tunnel under Behring sea. The incorporators are M. de Lobel, of Paris, who represents the French, Russian and American syndicate, and holds $5,997,700 worth of stock; J. A. L. Waddell, of Kansas City, delegate of the Advisory Board of Consulting Engineers; John J. Healy, of Seattle, Wash., delegate of the western syndicate; John R. Turner and Wm. H. Black, of New York, who hold the balance of the $6,000,000 capitalization. Apparently the enterprise is thoroughly feasible and fully established, so that it may soon be possible to visit Europe without the necessity of ocean travel. With this railway completed and a similar road under the English channel the steel rails will actually girdle the globe, and the iron horse can carry travelers to practically all the great cities of the world —excepting only those of Australia and the smaller islands.

*A New Storage Battery.*

The wizard of West Orange, N. J., has been working for some time on a cheaper and more serviceable storage battery, and it is confidently asserted he has at last succeeded. The papers chronicled a purported announcement from Mr. Edison last week that by means of cobalt he has succeeded in producing a metallic composition fitted for a light weight, cheap and almost indestructible storage battery, which will revolutionize electric vehicles and place them within the reach of every one able to maintain a horse at present. Two large factories are now being constructed to manufacture these batteries and put them on the market next spring.

*Navigation of the Air.*

Almost contemporaneous with the announcement of Mr. Edison comes the word from Santos-Dumont that at last the problem of the airship has been solved. The dirigible balloon has been quite fully developed, and on several occasions different aeronauts have been able to navigate an airship that was of less specific gravity than the air, but M. Santos-Dumont asserts his new invention is built on a radically different principle, in that it is confessed to be heavier than the air and hence entirely dependent on its propelling power. M. Santos-Dumont asserts this airship can be operated in almost any weather, whereas there are only a few days in the year on which the dirigible balloon can be used. It would seem quite possible that before the close of this century even the private individual will be able to spread his wings—other than in fancy—and rejoice in a still larger definition of liberty than our dictionaries yet reveal. If that time comes the railroads will hardly feel obliged to charge 3 cents a mile!

*New York Politics.*

The campaign being waged for governor of New York increases in interest and importance. One of the striking features of the contest is the alarm of the business interests over the possible election of Mr. Hearst. Conservative business men seem almost a unit in opposition to the radical and supposedly revolutionary candidate. Happily the latest returns indicate a change in the popular forecast of the vote with a very distinct increase of faith in the election of Mr. Hughes. The managers of both parties are making vigorous efforts, the republicans realizing full well they must bear the onus of former partisanship and dishonesty. A strong letter from President Roosevelt, in behalf of Mr. Hughes, seems to have added to the strength of the latter.

*A New Dictionary.*

A letter from William E. Curtis in recent issue of *Record-Herald* gives some amazing facts about "The Oxford new English Dictionary" now being completed under the editorship of Dr. James A. Murray. Compared with the "Century"—which is the largest dictionary yet completed—this new Oxford will contain about double the number of words and nearly three times the amount of matter, or about 20,000 pages, as against 7,000. The first volume was issued in 1888, and six complete volumes have now been published, costing $13.12 each. Probably sixteen volumes will be needed for the completed work, costing the publishers about $750,000 and selling for about $200 per set.

*Hunt for a Bandit.*

The Lake Shore road received an anonymous letter recently threatening to blow up the limited train with dynamite, unless $5,000 was dropped off the train at a point near Pine, Ind., on October 24. The company ran a dummy train out of Chicago filled with armed men and began a hunt for the bandit, but without results up to time of writing.

*A Big Snowfall.*

One of the earliest snowstorms of recent years raged for four days in Wyoming last week, and all trains on the Union Pacific Railroad between Cheyenne, Wyo., and Sidney, Neb., were blockaded for twenty-four hours.

*The Jury Farce.*

A good illustration of the conditions under which a jury is chosen, according to our improved modern justice courts, was found in the records of the Shea case in this city. Up to last Wednesday the cost to the county had been $5,000 and 1,943 veniremen had been examined, seven of whom have been found equal to serving on the jury. When the other five men are chosen and the trial is begun we suppose some men will have been found who know nothing about the case, and hence have been content to remain in Chicago ignorant of public affairs. These are the only ones qualified to sit on the jury. What a wonderful system of justice!

*Trouble with Japan.*

The action of the San Francisco School Board in excluding Japanese pupils from the public schools, requiring them to attend separate schools, has gone far toward disturbing the *entente cordiale* between this country and Japan. That the President has sent Secretary Metcalf to San Francisco to investigate would seem to indicate the matter is considered serious; and the opinion of an eminent authority on international law, Col. Horace N. Fisher, that the action of San Francisco is a violation of the treaty of 1894, which this government will be obliged to enforce, justifies the importance of the protest made by the Japanese ambassador. Undoubtedly an important issue will be decided by the controversy, and the question will no longer be raised whether a Jap can become a citizen of the United States. Recently Judge Graham, of the Superior Court in San Francisco, refused to order naturalization papers restored—which had been issued to Mr. Tatsumi in 1897 and were destroyed in the recent fire—basing his decision on the ground that a Japanese is a Mongolian and not eligible to citizenship in this country. Assuredly this is a controversy that ought to be decided at once. C. A. O.

## THE HOME

### Helps to High Living

SUN.—The life of one that laboureth, and is contented, shall be made sweet.
MON.—Lose thy money for a brother and a friend; and let it not rust under a stone to be lost.
TUES.—There is nothing so much worth as a well-instructed soul.
WED.—He that liveth forever created all things in common.
THURS.—Be steadfast in thy covenant, and be conversant therein, and wax old in thy work.
FRI.—Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord God shall fight for thee.
SAT.—Look at the generations of old and see who did ever put his trust in the Lord, and was ashamed.

*Ecclesiasticus.*

### The Story of the Wood

What said the Wood in the fire
To the little boy that night—
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair—
When the blaze was burning bright?

The Wood said: "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast!

"From the blossoming dells,
Where the violet dwells,
The cattle came with their chanting bells
And rested under my shadows sweet;
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet!

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumpled my tresses;
But sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid!
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the warm nest the mother had made!

"And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places;
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses the little ones played;
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their beauteous ringlets with silvery braid.

"And the lightning
Came brightening
From far skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas!
But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung at my knees!

"But how soon," said the Wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
Though with sheltering love and sweet kindness I stood,
The forester came with his ax gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant, all shorn of his might!
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me:
For have I not warmed you and cheered you tonight?"

So said the Wood in the fire
To the little boy that night—
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair—
When the blaze was burning bright.

FRANK L. STANTON.

### Christmas: Night Work and Women

The Christmas season has begun for thousands of factory girls in New York State. Many weeks before the holidays the factories work "overtime," turning out articles for the Christmas trade. Factory inspectors and others in touch with shop conditions have long been alive to the fact that in these months there is open violation of the New York law and women and young girls are kept working thirteen and fourteen hours in a day.

But no such wholesale estimate of the situation has been gotten together as that embodied in a report of an investigation in New York City, carried on under the College Settlements Association, aided by the Association of Neighborhood Workers, the Consumers' League, the Women's Trade Union League, working girls' clubs and other organizations of a similar sort.

Some of the facts dug up are little short of the sensational in their arraignment of industrial abuses. For example, there is the theatrical dressmaker, who, last January, kept girls at work from 8 in the morning until half-past 2 the next morning in her shop just off Broadway. The investigator was Miss Mary Van Kleeck, of the College Settlement. To quote three cases from her report, illustrative of many others:

"Paper boxes are an important part of the Christmas trade. In a paper box factory in New York City a girl operates the cutting machine. To keep one's hands clear of the stroke of the knife requires constant watchfulness, yet no protection is provided. The guard, which was invented to prevent accidents, limits the output by one-half, and the girl would be discharged if she used it. In rush seasons this girl and all the others in the factory (they number three or four hundred) work from 7:45 a. m. until eight at night, with a half hour for lunch and no time for supper. On Saturday they stop at 4:30 in order that the cheapest girls (who earn $2.50 a week) may have time to clean the machinery. They frequently work on Sunday, making a total of more than seventy hours in a week. To the question 'Would you be discharged if you refused to work overtime?' the answer was 'Yes.'

"A candy factory works from 7:15 a. m. until 7:45 p. m., with one-half hour for dinner and no time for supper—twelve hours in a day, five days in the week. On Saturday they work until 6:45 p. m.—eleven hours; seventy-one hours in the week.

"In a cigar factory the women work from 7 a. m. until 7 p. m., and on Saturday until 5 p. m. The workers live in the neighborhood. Promptly at 12 they rush from the factory for dinner, returning to work after fifteen minutes or less. They are piece-workers and they must lose no time or their wages will be very small. Their working weeks in the season preceding Christmas are nearly seventy hours long."

While the factories are "speeding up" in every department this autumn, and the fifty factory inspectors are trying to watch 78,000 factories in the State, the Supreme Court of New York in the appellate division is about to decide whether New York State has a right to restrict the hours of women's work in factories. Besides forbidding a working week longer than sixty hours, New York State prohibits the employment of women between the hours of 9 at night and 6 in the morning. If the judges should hold this latter provision unconstitutional, the "bosses" in the factories might legally keep their women employes at work all day and all night, any hours not exceeding sixty in a week.

The courts of several states have given decisions on this subject. Illinois decided that such laws violate freedom of contract. But Massachusetts, Nebraska, Washington and Oregon and the Supreme Court of the United States have declared that freedom of contract is not violated when the state extends legal protection where (by reason of economic inequality) the contract is not free, or where public health and public morals demand legislative restriction. — *Charities of New York.*

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

# THE FIELD

***"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."***

## Foreign Notes

PROGRESS OF HOME INDUSTRIES IN "BOER-LAND."—Vacation days are over and most UNITY readers are at home again, I imagine. If the summer has brought to many of them such "conscience calls" as Mr. Jones has been voicing for us from Sunday to Sunday since his return, there must be some, I am sure, who will read with more than a passing interest the fascinating story of the progress of Miss Hobhouse's work in South Africa; beset with countless difficulties, yet carried on with unflagging persistence and faith. Much interesting material lies before me and I hardly know how to cut it short. Some excerpts from South African papers will show how the visible results have amazed and delighted local observers.

The *Transvaal Leader* thus speaks of the exhibit made last spring at Johannesburg: "At the Irene School in Wolmarans street an exhibition of South African industries, under the auspices of the South Africa Women's Federation, will be opened today. It will mark quite a new departure, for it will be the first exhibition in the Transvaal at which specimens of spinning and weaving done in South Africa by Africanders will be shown. A reporter visited the school yesterday as the exhibits were being hung and was delighted with them. There are blankets, traveling rugs, hearth and other rugs made from the wool of the Africander sheep; there are bales of beautiful material for coats, and also rugs made from the wool of the Angora goat. There are tea-cloths of cotton and toweling of pure flax." This paper goes on to speak of many of the individual exhibits, but the description in the Johannesburg *Star* is even more enthusiastic. That paper says:

"The section of the exhibition which comprises work done at the spinning and weaving schools at Langlaate and Philippolis (O. R. C.) is astonishing at first sight and most pleasing and encouraging on a closer view. It is difficult to believe that these exhibits were really made by South African women, chiefly from the fleece of South African sheep, in less than a year from the time that the industry was first introduced amongst them. In many cases the work has been dyed with the products of roots and veld-plants, extracted by the workers themselves, experimented with by them, and then applied to the work with such beautiful and satisfactory results. Not a few of the exhibits have been made entirely by one young Dutch girl from wool picked by herself on her father's farm or some other property.

"There are two exquisite pieces of tapestry, one an imitation of the Persian Khilim tapestry (done by Miss Alberta Viljoen, Philippolis, from African wool), and the other of the Norwegian Munkbälte tapestry, made by Miss Malan, Langlaagte, of imported wool. The former is, if anything, the more beautiful, of glorious coloring and texture.

"In rugs, there is what the weavers are calling a 'trek rug,' made of the wool of the coarse Africander sheep, warm brown and white, mixed as they are in Scotch worsted; this rug is of immense size, as warm as a blanket and much softer. It is sold for £2. Blankets are there, too, and they are blankets as large, and thick, and soft as the most exacting could desire for the coldest winter. A beautiful little cradle blanket is woven from the wool of a merino sheep from the farm of ex-President Steyn, in the Orange River Colony.

This exhibit was a great success in every way. All the goods shown were sold, giving a cash return of some £105, and many orders were taken. This, however only serves to show what a fine start has been made and what a wide field is opening if only the school can be maintained until the industry is brought to a really self-sustaining basis. On this point nothing is so enlightening as Miss Hobhouse's own statements. In her letter of last May she says:

"I am very anxious that our supporters should understand the exact position of the two schools at the present moment. To begin with our old school at Philippolis the interest does not lessen, but keeps steadily on, as is shown by the fact that it draws fresh girls every month. Every few weeks also a girl leaves for her farm, keeping the average at the school about seventeen or eighteen pupils. This establishment is now supplied with yarn principally from the neighboring hamlet or Waterkloof, about three miles distant. Our girls went home and taught their relatives and friends, with the result that we had a large demand for wheels, and we were enabled to supply this by the opportune arrival of the Swiss ones. . . . Some sixty are gone out in the immediate district. We are receiving an average of 50 pounds of yarn a week from these spinners; the quality is not yet very high, but it steadily improves.

"One trouble is that the spinners require payment on the spot, which means putting out £6 to £7 a week, whereas the weavers have to wait and find a purchaser. Of course, as long as we are there as a school we can manage to put out money to pay for the yarn, but my fear is what may happen if we shut up, and single girls, weaving in their homes, were unable to advance money for the yarn. The whole thing might collapse, unless we were able to hold on long enough to watch the development of the industry till it is sure to work automatically and without our aid. At present I am only certain of money enough to maintain the school until February, 1907, and if I do not very soon hear of the certainty of an increase of funds, I must very reluctantly shape my policy towards the closing of the school at that date. To be able to maintain it a third year would mean more to the industry than I can possibly convey on paper.

"Turning to Langlaagte, there is much to say. This has become purely a training school for teachers. The South African Women's Federation is maintaining there ten girls from as many districts, the Federation paying half and the district the other half of board expenses. In these girls centers the real interest and usefulness of the school, for I have just received notice from Mr. Kraal that he intends to withdraw the six orphans at the end of May. Consequently, our connection with his institution is at an end and we have no further reason for remaining there. The next few months should show us what is to be the fate of this northern school. Naturally, the girls now training will go out one by one and begin teaching elsewhere. I shall give each a loom and a certain number of Swiss wheels for her pupils' use. As yet we do not see where the salary of these girls is to come from; to minimize expense we urge them not to attempt starting schools, but from the first to be itinerant teachers on the lonely farms. They are an interesting and intelligent set of girls, and teaching them is an enjoyment, for they are eager to learn. The first, Anna Pourie, left us yesterday. When all the ten are gone, we do not know what will happen. *It all depends upon money.* The Federation wants to send us relays of pupils, but they also live from hand to mouth and cannot promise beforehand.

"Now that we have the plant I think it possible that Mrs. Gaetzsche, with her

economical methods, might run the school for herself on self-supporting lines. The really wise thing to do would be to buy a site with water and put up suitable premises, and make it for some years to come a central home of the industry. I think it would largely support itself if once we were helped with the premises. I believe £1,000, or thereabouts, would buy a site and put up what is required. This center would then receive the work done in the country, and also send out the new ideas and designs, and maintain the standard. Many of the girls who have learned would come and work in it permanently and become experts.

"Is this only a dream?"

So far, Miss Hobhouse! Are there not some among UNITY readers who will help to make that dream a reality? Sums, however small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged in this column in UNITY, if sent to the undersigned, who, to set the ball rolling, announces a subscription of $25. MARY E. HAWLEY.

*The John Crerar Library, Chicago.*


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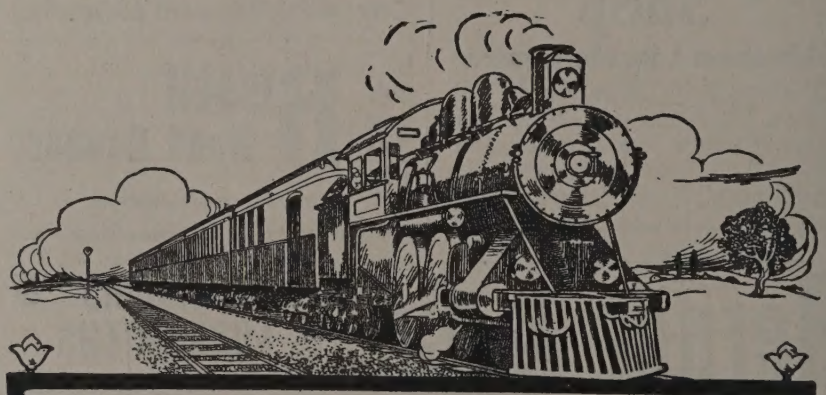

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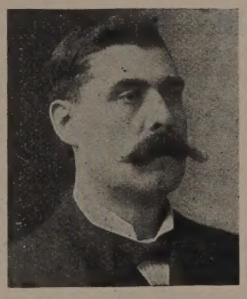
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